

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

By long application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the restoration of the diseased portion of the ear. This is done by the use of the "Hearer's Friend," which is a small, delicate, and powerful instrument, which is inserted into the ear, and which will cure deafness in a few days. It is a small, delicate, and powerful instrument, which is inserted into the ear, and which will cure deafness in a few days. It is a small, delicate, and powerful instrument, which is inserted into the ear, and which will cure deafness in a few days.

## HER FRIEND'S GOOD ADVICE

The Results Made This Newburg Lady Glad She Followed Suggestion.

Newburg, Ala.—"For more than a year," writes Myrtle Cothurn, of this place, "I suffered with terrible pains in my back and head. I had a hollow complexion, and my face was covered with pimples. Our family doctor only gave me temporary relief."

A friend of mine advised me to try Cardui, so I began taking it, at once, and with the best results, for I was cured after taking two bottles. My mother and my aunt have also used Cardui and were greatly benefited.

"I shall always praise Cardui to sick and suffering women."

Cardui is a purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, tonic remedy for women, and will benefit young and old.

Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle, tonic effect, on the woman's constitution.

Cardui has helped a million women back to health and strength.

Have you tried it? If not, please do. It may be just what you need.

N.B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Literature, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

## Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. Here is a remedy that softens the muscles, enables them to expand without any strain upon the ligaments and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers. There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thought do not dwell upon pain and suffering, for all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are natural. They know better, for in Mother's Friend they have found a wonderful, penetrating remedy to banish all those dreaded experiences. It is a safety every woman should be familiar with, and even though she may not require such a remedy, she will now and then need some prospective mother to whom a word in time about Mother's Friend will come as a wonderful blessing. This famous remedy is sold for all druggists, and is only \$1.00 a bottle. It is the external use only, and is really worth its weight in gold. Write today to the Bristol Regulator Co., 122 Lamm Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most valuable book.

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## Chronic Stomach Trouble Cured.

There is nothing more discouraging than a chronic disorder of the stomach. Is it not surprising that many suffer for years with such an ailment when a permanent cure is within their reach and may be had for a trifle?

"About one year ago," says P. H. Beck, of Wakelee, Mich., "I bought a package of Chamberlain's Tablets, and since using them I have felt perfectly well. I had previously used many number of different medicines, but none of them were of any lasting benefit." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with the Rubber Band. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills, for the years known to Dr. J. C. Chichester. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

## TAXI

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## A Leap In the Dark

Sequel of a Strange Meeting in a Lofly Tower

By AGNES C. BROGAN

Billie Van had been in a state of depression for days. Even the fellows at the club noticed it. Games which had heretofore been his delight now failed to amuse, while friendly rallies met with no response. As he strolled down Fifth avenue lost in gloomy meditation Billie was unaware of a young woman's presence at his side until she gaily tapped him on the shoulder.

"Billie boy," asked the young woman, "whither goest thou in such an absent mood?"

Billie glowered at her for a moment without making a reply, then, calmly possessed himself of her velvet clad arm. "I want to talk to you, Belle."

The girl glanced at him in quick displeasure. "If you are going to bring that old subject up again, Billie," she cried petulantly, "let me tell you right now it will be useless."

"Probably," the young man quietly answered. "Nevertheless I shall trouble you once more. It will be the last time. Are you still determined in your purpose, Belle?"

She laughed softly. "Still determined in my purpose," she repeated, "of marrying the wealthy Mr. Naylor."

"Can nothing on earth change you—have you no heart?" Billie's voice rang out passionately.

"No heart?" she lightly answered. "How often have I told you except for money, Billie!"

"Then," said the young man deliberately, "I have also reached a decision. Would you like to have me tell you what that means?"

There was a tense earnestness in the question which caused Belle's face to flush with annoyance. "This is hardly the place for a discussion," she answered nervously, "unless you care to shout above the traffic."

Billie Van looked straight before him. Then his wandering gaze fell upon a white towered building whose gleaming balcony seemed as remote as distant from the crowded street as the very clouds above. Impulsively the young man raised his hand. "Let us go up there, Belle," he said. "It will take but a moment, and we shall be alone and undisturbed."

The girl laughed mockingly. "Are you quite crazy, Billie?" she exclaimed. His eyes sought hers compellingly. Almost roughly he drew her into the great stone entrance. "The question I wish to ask must be answered now," he said.

With a strange feeling of apprehension the young woman watched the tiny slaking light which heralded the ascent of the elevator. "Thirty, forty," she counted the stories absently as the car drew up like a bird. Then Billie led her out to the parapet of the balcony.

"Well, Billie," she asked, "the decision?"

He turned abruptly, as one startled. Grim lines deepened about his boyish mouth. "So money alone spells happiness for you, Belle?" She nodded curtly. "And a poor man's love counts for nothing?"

"Nothing," she responded, and her red lips closed firmly.

Billie Van laughed. It was a mirthless laugh, which echoed eerily up in the silent tower. "This, then, is my decision," he said slowly, "for your happiness has been my one endeavor. I've had nothing else to live for, so why now worry longer?"

He bent lower over the parapet. "I tell you once more, Belle—I'm going to give up the everlasting struggle. I've really nothing to lose. After all—Billie's voice trailed off dreamily—"it's only a leap in the dark," he murmured, "only a leap in the dark."

His companion drew back against the wall with a sharp cry. "You are a coward, Billie Van," she said chokingly. "Trying to make me responsible for this rash thing you would do. But I am not concerned—do you hear? I have no belief in your threat, and I'm going down." There was a clicking sound as the door closed behind her.

"You are a hypocrite, old girl," Billie muttered, "luring us on with false hopes, but I've done with your eternal promise. No more for me." Sadness settled in his brooding eyes. Billie removed his hat and tossed it to the floor, while the cool breeze fanned his forehead.

"I guess Belle was right," he told himself. "I am a coward—just a coward!"

Billie Van never knew quite what happened next. He became suddenly aware of a pair of tight enfolding arms, and as he glanced down at his own enfolded breadth Billie's astonished gaze fell upon two small beruffled hands locked closely on his breast.

"Leave!" cried the girl breathlessly. "Oh, please!" and could say no more; but, though the vibrant voice broke helplessly, the young, strong arms still held him in an almost vice-like grasp. "You must not do it," the trembling voice went on, and the girl emphasized her command with a little angry shake. "You have quite lost your senses. Later, when you think this over, you will be ashamed—oh, so bitterly ashamed. I heard all you said

back there in the shadow. No girl is worth such a sinful sacrifice, and that frivolous, heartless creature—She threw back her head with a gesture of utter contempt.

Billie Van stood, staring dumbly. This unexpected encounter seemed to have taken from him power of thought and speech. He was vaguely conscious of the earnest voice, the clinging arms. Up here among the stars he seemed to be the object of a strange, confusing dream. But when Billie found that the girl was sobbing, pressing her little tear wet face against his sleeve, he awoke to sudden pity.

"See here," he begged. "Don't do that. I can't bear it." Billie managed to smile. "I have troubles of my own," he said.

"If you try to throw yourself over the parapet," the girl solemnly assured him, "you will take me with you, for I won't let go."

"You do not understand, my child," he was beginning when his deliverer shook her head.

"Men have died," she quoted, "but not for love. This I cannot understand—how a well fed, well clad man like you could so utterly lose courage. If it were me—the girl laughed tremulously, and her laughter rang like musical bells up in the lonely tower—"oh, there might be an excuse for me. The thin suit I am wearing was never made for cold or wintry weather, while my gloves—well, my gloves have been given up so often for holes in the fingers that I carry them now in pretense, and as for dining with regularity—it is remarkable how small an amount of food is necessary for the existence of the human body."

With a sudden wrench Billie unclasped the protesting hands and held them in his own. "Do you mean to tell me," he asked jerkily, "that you are really as poor as that?"

"Just as poor," the girl answered cheerfully. "I merely state the fact to

show you that all about are those who might, with some reason, wish to quit such an unfeeling world. And yet we have no such wish."

"You are not going?" Billie cried out in unaccountable alarm.

"I shall wait until I have your promise," she said.

"My promise?" Billie reiterated. The girl bowed seriously. "That you never consider again that horrible deed."

A deep red crept from Billie Van's throat to the hair on his forehead. "I will go safely down to the street with you whenever you wish," he replied.

"That is right," the girl encouraged and extended her hand. "From tonight on I shall believe in you, shall have no fear for you. Is there a mother to care?"

"No mother," Billie answered gravely. "If there was she would thank you for the spirit of bravery which prompted aid to a worthless stranger. But I am not entirely selfish. May I know why the little coat must be so thin and the gloves sewed up at the fingers?" Billie's smile was very kindly, and the girl flashed a bright response.

"Certainly," she answered, "for to be interested in another's woe is a good sign indeed. I am a country girl, as you might have guessed, adrift in New York in search of work. My chosen ambition, teaching music, has faded into a rose colored, impossible dream. So we are becoming humble enough and hungry enough to accept almost any kind of honest labor. If I were the only one to suffer it would not so much matter, but there is aunt, you see—Aunt Belinda, who has raised me and sacrificed for me all her life. Her latest offering has been the small savings of years, which your greedy city swallows in an alarming manner. The musical studio which we intended to rent is not now mentioned between us. The girl's laughter sounded again. "They charge more for studios here," she said, "than they do at Wellman's Corners."

But Billie Van smiled his slender smile. "You did not expect to run against the truth so soon, did you?" he asked.

The girl's eyes dropped before his, then widened in dismay. "I had quite forgotten," she exclaimed. "All this time Aunt Belinda is waiting in the building below. I was anxious to visit the tower, and she feared to come so high. I shall have to go down."

The little old lady who awaited the coming of her niece was very like a

quaintly sweet character made up for a play, and Billie smiled involuntarily into the wrinkled face.

"I have been anxious," she told her niece. "I feared an accident had happened." Then she looked inquiringly at her niece's companion.

With sudden inspiration Billie Van spoke. "Your niece has been kind enough to concern herself in my behalf," he said, "to give me help in a moment of need. Therefore, may I be allowed to offer my card?"

The little old lady examined the card, peering over her spectacles with a perplexed frown.

"And I understand," Billie went on boldly, "that your niece is a teacher of music. May I be permitted to become a pupil?"

"We shall be very glad, I am sure," she replied, subdued eagerness in her tone. "Mollie, my dear, arrange with the gentleman for lessons." But the blue eyed girl, whose name was Mollie, glanced her surprise and disapproval.

"I have only been taking young pupils, aunt," she said, "and would not feel capable of teaching an adult."

"Very sorry," Billie answered, resignedly. "I had hoped that this new study might prove a diversion from thoughts which harass and trouble."

"Oh, if that is your reason," the girl said in quick comprehension.

"It is," Billie earnestly assured her. So the matter was settled.

It was a shabby and small apartment where Billie Van entered upon a course of musical study, and so dull a pupil did he prove that his young teacher might have been discouraged in her efforts had it not been for a noble determination to keep this young man distracted from his reckless purpose.

They grew to speak of him at the club as the "dear departed." Indeed, the young man lived only in that one enchanted hour when, seated before the piano, he watched Mollie's slender fingers as they pressed the yellowed keys. And as Billie watched he was always remembering a high tower at twilight, small hands clasped close upon his breast. But when Billie would have referred to that thrilling moment, when his heart would have cried out to the girl in new found love and longing, Mollie would silence him with a look.

"Aunt," said Mollie one day, "answer me very seriously. Ought a girl to marry a man who had almost been guilty of suicide? Could a girl love a man who had known that morbid desire?"

"Mollie," Aunt Belinda exclaimed horrified, "what put such a dreadful thought into your head? Of course she could not, dear. Marriage with so sinful a man would be impossible."

Mollie sprang to her feet with a cry. "I hate New York," she said, "I hate the people. Let us go back to the country, aunt, where we may be at peace."

Then, turning, Mollie saw Billie Van standing in the doorway.

"I knocked," said Billie, "but you did not hear. May I come in?" Glancing at the two troubled faces, Aunt Belinda quietly withdrew.

"I heard what you said," Billie went on, "I could not help it, Mollie, and—and I've been a cur all along; that's true. But one risks much for love." Billie's voice broke. "Oh, my dear, my dear," he said tenderly, "I have loved you—loved you so from the moment I looked into your eyes."

Mollie caught her breath. "I love you, Billie," she said bravely. "It seemed to be inevitable. But there is no use or hope in our love, for there are things which never can be explained away."

"There is nothing which I cannot explain," Billie answered gently, "if you will give me this one chance." Silently she beckoned him to a seat at her side.

"The girl in the tower that night," Billie said slowly, "was my sister. She was left in my charge, as was also our small joint legacy. I have tried to do my duty to my orphaned sister, but Belle has been extravagant far beyond our means. Of late her insatiable desire for luxury would have led her into marriage with an old and wealthy man whose name I cannot even mention with calmness. To keep her from sorrow which only such a marriage could bring I desperately decided to risk our little all in the hope of satisfying her ambition. People have grown wealthy in a night through fortunate investment. This I told myself. There was a poor young devil who loved my sister as a woman deserves to be loved, so I sought to hold her for his sake. The Wall Street deal seemed a very sure thing, though the problem had vexed me for days. That is why I put it up to Belle that night in the tower. And you remember, Mollie, this was the leap in the dark to which I referred. This is the true meaning of those foolish words which moved your heart to save. Love has conquered in Belle's case, as love should always conquer, dear. And the sin I ask you to forgive is only the sin of a lover's deceiving. Could I let you pass out of my life forever? Oh, I was desperate, Mollie, when I held you by your very sympathy." Billie arose and went over to the piano.

"Can you also forgive me this?" he asked. And presently the room was filled with the silvery strains of the "Moonlight Sonata." No unskilled touch this, which set the keys vibrating with hidden melody. And when the last note died away Mollie came swiftly to rest her hands upon the musician's shoulders.

"Dear," she said—"dear, that was the moonlight of the tower."

In an instant Billie's arms were about her, holding her against his tumultuous heart.

"You might at least ask permission," breathed Mollie, rosy happy, but Billie Van shook his head.

"You didn't," he answered triumphantly. "The very first night we met you held me tight, like this."

Usually a very moderate amount of perseverance in want advertising in the Telegram for a job is sufficient.

Mrs. William B. Ehrenberg and child have gone to Webster Springs.

## ANDREW JOHNSON.

He Was Perfect in Figure and Graciously Neat in Dress.

Andrew Johnson was one of the neatest men in his dress and person I have ever known. During his three years in Nashville, in particular, he dressed in black broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat and black doekin trousers and wore a silk hat. This had been his attire for thirty years, and for most of that time, whether as governor of Tennessee, member of congress or United States senator, he had made all of his own clothes. He was so scrupulous about his linen that he invariably changed all of it daily and sometimes oftener.

He was matchlessly perfect in figure, about five feet ten, had handsome broad shoulders, fine forehead, superb face, dark bushy hair and small hands and feet. The most marked feature about him was his eyes, which were small, and, although such eyes are not usually attractive, his were black, sparkling and absolutely beautiful.

He was not a gamester at anything and could play only indifferently at checkers. In 1862 he explained to me that he had never visited a theater because in his youth he lacked the opportunity and always afterward would rather study and work or go to bed than spend his time at a playhouse. He looked on all kinds of gambling as wrong, never knew one card or one domino from another and was never at a horse race. He had been to a few circuses and minstrel shows and liked them—Recollection of His Secretary, Major Truman, in Century.

Too Many Pianos. M. de S., art critic, is traveling in Italy. On the train he consults the annual showing various locations in Florence. He reads, "Casamucro-via-1 piano." "Oh, me," he says, "I do not want any piano in the house."

He continues to read. He finds houses of two, three, four pianos. He does not find any that are unprovided with these. He is desperate. He declares the superabundance of these instruments disgusts him with Florence. Then some one explains to him that the word piano, in Italian, signifies the floor or story of a house.—Cri de Paris.

Had a Complaint. The angry citizen puffed into the office of the city editor.

"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of Public Improvements."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Forlorn Hope. Mandy—What fob yo' been goin' to do postoffice so reg'lar? Are yo' compositin' wit some other female? Rastus—Nope, but since Ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds' Ah kind o' thought Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us.—Life.

## CLEVER

(Continued from page 9.)

formance. The first part outside of the opening and closing choruses was complete with nine songs rendered in a capable way among which are especially mentioned "The Land of My Own Romance," by Miss Laura Thompson; "Lead Me to that Beautiful Band," by John Kane; "Just a Little Smile," by Glen Norman, and "When that Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabama," by Ralph Seger.

Many catchy and interesting jokes were delivered during the first part, many with a local coloring, the ends being successfully taken care of by Messrs. John Kane, Marmacare Wells, Ralph Stager and James Smith. The interlocutor of the evening, E. J. Francois, acquitted himself with the honors he deserved for the occasion and conducted himself

If you want to tour Europe next summer free of all expenses enter the Daily Telegram prize voting contest.

Chamberlain's Tablets for Constipation. For constipation, Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent. Easy to take, mild and gentle in effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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Walter Barger, Room 641. Sixth Floor.

C. A. Butcher, Lumber. Room 320. Third Floor.

Consolidation Coal Co., Rooms 533-540. Fifth Floor.

Citizens' Loan Co., Room 316. Third Floor.

R. G. Dun & Co., Room 650. Sixth Floor.

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Fairmont Coal Co., Room 535. Fifth Floor.

G. W. Gall, Jr., Room 650. Sixth Floor.

Home Loan Co., Room 201-203. Second Floor.

Clarksburg Telegram Co., Printers and Publishers, First Floor. Main Street.

In his role like a professional. The olio contained many specialties, among which was one by little baby, Marie McCloskey, introducing several catchy songs and the greatest applause of the evening was given this little tot when she sang "The Hound Song."

"Tangle Moon," song dance by Misses Stager and Thompson, was well received as was the "Aeroplane Glide" by William Shinn and Miss Gratta Carney and also the "I Don't Believe You" song and dance by Miss Elvree Carney and John Kane.

The introduction of an old time Virginia reel was the decided hit of the second part. Eight couples made up characteristic of members of an old southern dance rendered this number which was a scream from start to finish.

The performance closed with the presenting of "Goodnight, Mr. Moon" by Misses Stager and Thompson and Messrs. Kane and Wells, ably assisted by the entire company. The scenic effects of the closing number and the work of the chorus were good and brought to a close a minstrel which was a success in every particular and one that the old lodge of Knights of Columbus should feel proud of having presented so ably.

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